

# SEER

Spring 1968





# SEFER

Spring, 1968

(Book—Hebrew)

"The book is the cherished repository wherein the thoughts, beliefs, dreams, judgments, and imaginative fancies of mankind have been preserved... The book as an art form has for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen."

Thomas Mann

The staff and sponsors wish to express their appreciation to Doris Christe McCoy, Chairman of the Department of English, for her assistance in producing this initial volume of *Sefer*.

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*Names of places and characters herein are fictitious and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

## *Sonnet*

*My life is but a shell of empty thoughts;  
The mind that once was green and growing, now  
Is just a withered pod. The why and how  
No longer tempt, but leave a film of naughts  
To brittle o'er my dying soul and thwart  
My every move. My mind, the black and dead  
Remainder of a fertile brain, is led  
Astray by baser thoughts, and must pay court  
To minds more strong and able to withstand  
The pressures of a world that does not think,  
But leads in ignorance, its least command  
Obeyed. When I was young, I thought to sink  
To such a state was meant for minds of great  
Incompetence; still young, I chose my fate.*

*Jeni Davis*

# **FUN AND GAMES**

Bus "42" slowed to negotiate the sharp right turn into Snowden Drive from Highway 25 with the usual flare of lights and the ominous stop signs protruding from its hiding place just under the driver's window. With the grace and agility of a hippopotamus, the aging school bus slowly closed in on the sprawling, three-storied, brick receptacle for junior high school students one-half mile away.

In his usual seat near the rear of the bus, Bennie Beacher searched his memory for appropriate, although much-used, replies to the imminent questioning session in the principal's office. Fortunately, he had a friend at court, Johnson, whose sister worked in the Principal's office, had phoned him last night to warn him he would be invited to the inner sanctum before the school day ended, to answer charges of misbehavior. This tip gave him time to reflect and project in concentrated effort. Responses and attitudes of posture (should he have to remain standing) would have to be predetermined, enabling him to create an air of dignity with which to accompany those proceedings. Their uncertain intensity and duration would

test the wit and "delinquent" skill of this aspiring ninth grader. Bennie found it much more exciting to defend himself on the "battle field" than to follow the everyday routine of good behavior.

As the bus drew closer to the stop, Bennie's seat-mate, a pretty blonde miss, glanced nervously at her six books in a final inventory of her belongings before a premature attempt at departure. Bennie put out a hand protectively, "Two demerits, if you get up before we stop," he said, with the air of one who always went by the rules. The bus stopped.

Caught in the flow of students from the rows of parked buses, Bennie launched himself in the direction of his home room, his courage waning with each step, his defensive energy diminishing proportionately. The last bell rang, and the students of "Eight B" crushed through the doorway into pre-assigned seats with the energy of an enthusiastic lynch mob.

"Children, come to order at once. I will assign

each one of you one hundred sentences if you do not get quiet this instant."

"Witch doctor," thought Bennie to himself "always brewing up threats like all the teachers here." The class fell into vegetating silence. Bennie, more composed now than during the brief trip from bus to school, again commenced the ritual of pondering the sordid details of yesterday's recess enterprise, and the ultimate consequences awaiting him.

"Bennie," Miss Smith pushed her chair back from her desk and stood up. "You and I are going to pay a visit to Mr. Erickson this morning. Come along now. You can get your assignment from the board later."

Within seconds Bennie forgot all the "possibilities" he had so meticulously conjured up during the past few hours. All questions, corresponding responses--feigned indifference--evaporated, and a coldness enveloped him.

As he rounded the corridor, the gold letters on black metal spelled, not only *Principal*, but also *doom*.

Carol Johnson, sister of his friend, tipster, and secretary to the Principal, motioned him to a seat, and Miss Smith to an inner sanctum. Minutes passed, but they seemed like hours. Finally, Miss Smith emerged, and stopping in front of Bennie, said softly, "You can go in now." Bennie was paralyzed. Miss Smith had never sounded so sorry for him before...he must be headed for a fatal encounter.

Mr. Erickson's voice was loud and clear, "So you are the school cut-up, the clown, or shall I call you the overly energetic type?"

Bennie swallowed. Was he supposed to an-

swer? Mr. Erickson didn't have a whip, or ruler, or cane. It couldn't be too bad.

Mr. Erickson came around his desk and looked intently at Bennie. "Since you are so aggressive, and so vocal and so well known to your classmates, I am putting you in charge of the Student's Fund Drive."

Bennie had seated himself in a straight backed, wooden chair. Then Mr. Erickson finished, Bennie just stared up at the tall, balding man. He couldn't believe what he had heard.

"Cheap trick!" ran through the boy's mind as he searched for a reply. His mouth was full of hipster phrases which he dared not utter in response. "I don't think so," he at last said.

"What?"

"I don't believe I'll be able to do it...Sir."

For a moment Erickson's face fell, but instantly he regained his administrative equanimity. "Very well then, Bennie, I will be expecting you here after your last class for the usual detention starting today through the rest of this week." Then, "You are excused."

Slowly, Bennie rose and left the office. As he passed Miss Johnson he answered her enquiring gaze with a shrug of his shoulders and walked on. Out in the corridor again, alone, tears of anger and rage burned his eyes, but he dared not--he refused--to shed them.

"What a cheap trick!" he said aloud, but only for his own hearing. "What a cheap, dumb trick! Boy, fun and games!" He opened the door to Miss Smith's classroom. English was in progress. The teacher was diagraming sentences on the board. With a defiant slam the heavy door closed behind him, expressing once again his reluctant spirit.

Sandy Jackson



## Walpurgisnacht\*

It was the last of April in Hell Hole Swamp, and the moon lay hidden behind a gray bank of clouds. Several hundred thousand frogs and crickets were making the night a cacophony of noise, the din being broken ever so often by raucous laughter.

All the dead folk from one-hundred miles around were swooshing through the air to the swamp. Some let themselves be blown before the wind; others came riding in on cougars; and one was seen swinging through the trees on trailers of Spanish moss. A number seemed to ooze fluidly out from banks of leaves; some rose with the steam coming out of the holes, a faint odor of burnt sulphur clinging to their coattails; one fell out of the sky into an expanse of black muck; and several others came darting in on hoot-owls, bats, and other assorted creatures.

The center of the Swamp was filled with transparents, shapeless, flitting around clanking their chains, yowling like Siamese cats, and chittering and cheeping in wandering crescendos. One old goat insisted on ringing his bell, and somewhere somebody with hiccoughs was playing a harmonica.

Suddenly, there was silence—no crickets, frogs, clanks, yowls—nothing. All eyes turned on an overgrown semi-Persian, crouched on the end of a dead trunk that was curved like a boomerang.

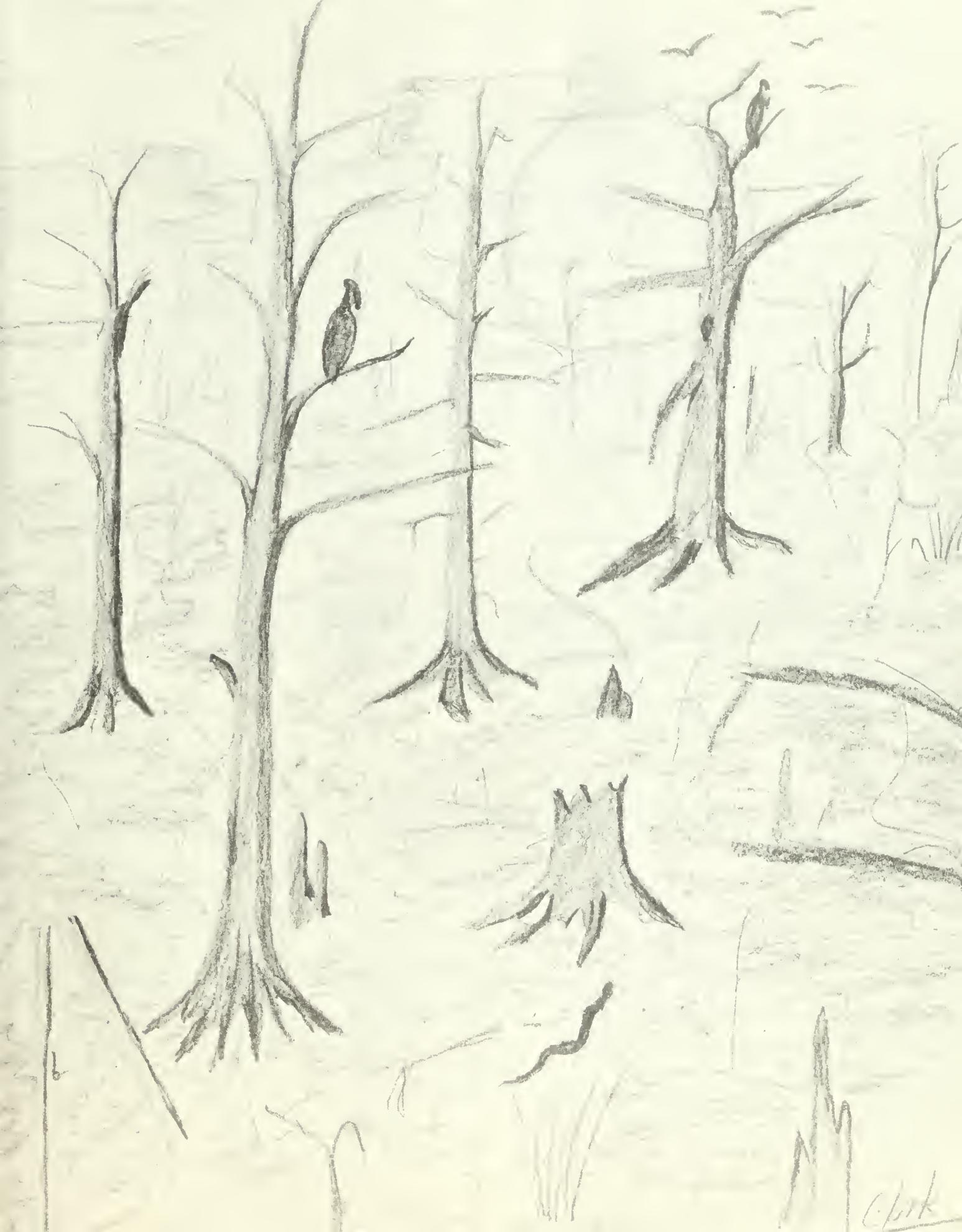
The cat tilted back, sitting up like a dog; a beam of moonlight fell on his broad, brown-furred face, and he threw open his mouth. An unearthly screech arose from his throat, vibrating from between his gleaming teeth, and fading away in the saturated air. Entertainment had begun.

First was Flija, standing on a network of fallen

limbs, and smelling of seaweed and fish. He was the ghost of a slave who had lost his sea shell and therefore amused himself by wandering up and down the Outer Banks of North Carolina looking for it. By pointing his stubby finger at a broad, bare place from which four of those present had come, he made appear, with a "ding," his sea-shell collection. He rambled on and on about the shells, making them float out of the pile, one by one, to hang in the air for observation. He never did explain why his lost sea shell was so important. But that detail troubled none of the minds present. He might have gone on forever had not he noticed the entire collection slowly sinking into the ground. With a loud squawk, he dived thereinto, and for the duration of the night he and his friends could be seen picking sea shells out of the quicksand.

The brown Persian and some equally enormous owls glared balefully at the slaves, winking not at all their yellow-green eyes. Next came Ipasok who died in 1586.

Standing on the rotten trunk, Ipasok took his time changing from a mist to a reasonable facsimile of a live Indian. Then he told how he happened to die. It seems there was a war between the Edistoies and invading Essamacus on St. Helena island, which left a quarter-acre piled fifteen feet high with bones, and a smaller area piled ten feet high. Ipasok had belonged to the tribe that lost, the Edistoies. When his skeleton was put in the pile, another skeleton, whose bony hand still clutched a spear, was below it. The spear struck Ipasok's backbone, causing an intolerable and grievous itch. Therefore, Ipasok was



doomed to wander the planet, in a rage, scratching his backbone and jabbing live men's spines with anything handy. He took his seat in the oak-branches, gnashing his teeth irritably. The big Persian stopped licking his stomach and yawned long and leisurely.

In the west a red-cloaked shape was describing sixty-foot circles in the atmosphere. The sound of footsteps was heard, faster, faster, faster, a dead run. A gypsy in a scarlet jacket, with one brass earring, his head down and a noisy-squawking chicken under one arm, was running, running, running, his footsteps louder, louder, louder, but he always stayed in the same place. A loud boom, like that of a rifle, interrupted the stillness, and no runner was to be seen. He was as gone as a bubble, burst. Supercilious laughter trickled into the air shrilling.

Somebody dropped asleep behind a tree trunk, a fallen cypress, and a scent of garlic rose from him.

The cat made his eyes yellow-green slits and purred loudly.

Next appeared Witherspoon, Symington, and Sealyham, three rotund brothers who delighted in pulling covers off people in bed. They demonstrated, on a great, smooth boulder, how they whisked the covers off with a kingly flourish, then related how they would move about the room

knocking over bottles, turning on the water in the bathtub, dictating Morse code on the lamps, making footprints on the ceiling, turning the bookcase upside down, holding square dances in the attic, and pulling sleepers' toes to make them crack.

With a scream like that of a woman being murdered by a pick ax, a cougar leaped out of the trees onto a log, and, rolling on his back caterwailing loudly. Sitting on his haunches, he surveyed the effect his melodramatic entrance had made on the audience. This was the ghost of one of the last two mountain lions in South Carolina, the only two that had escaped the bullet by 1880. These ghosts passed time by crying like babes in the woods, then looking out from behind a bush, straight into the eyes of whoever had come to save the baby. All the mountain lions in the state were their descendants. He rumbled proudly, and stepped off the log to lie down in the pluff mud.

All this time the chirping of the crickets and the deep-booming of the frogs had been slowly growing in volume, gaining momentum. Dawn broke, and the congregation vanished, leaving not even a puff of smoke. All that remained were cougars, coons, possums, and cats gliding through the swamp, while overhead, bats flitted and vultures soared through the steaming air.

*Randy White*

\* *Walpurgisnacht* or *Walpurgis Night* is, in German folklore, the eve of May Day on which witches are believed to ride to an appointed rendezvous.

## How To Be Popular . . .

# POPULARITY

*A major question concerning young people is that of popularity, especially during the college years when friendships are made which often last a lifetime. Obviously then, this is serious business, and not a subject to be approached haphazardly.*

We are, therefore, very fortunate to be able to present, as part of our continuing policy of enlightening as well as entertaining our readers, an article written for us by Wentworth Nesmith Cunningham, Ph.D., Sociologist and Psychologist, an authority in the field of Popularity. Recently, Dr. Cunningham was appointed to head the President's Committee on Social Acceptability and Good Taste. He is a man well qualified for this position, having set up, some five years ago, the now famous Cunningham Popularity Clinic in New York City.

Dr. Cunningham was also gracious enough to include with his article a copy of his Personality Quiz 1A, with which one may determine his own PQ (Popularity Quotient). Unfortunately, he neglected to send with it the instruction booklet which goes along with the test. Without this booklet, the test seems somewhat vague; however, with it, the test is said to be clarified to the point of mere obscurity.

*This said, we now give you Dr. Cunningham.*

## How To Be Popular In These Days And Times

Just recently, a young man, college student, came into my office in a dreadful fit of pique. "Dr. Cunningham," he said respectfully. "I just don't know what to do. I'm terribly unpopular and have a very hard time getting dates with girls. Can you please help me to become more popular?"

I laid aside my copy of one of the marvelous books I had just published, *The Do's and Dont's of Making Out*, a volume on teen etiquette, and looked the young man up and down. As kindly as was possible, I made mental notes on the lad's appearance: the scuffed loafers, the white socks, tight continental chino pants, the turtle-necked pullover, and the unkempt haircut.

Casually, I adjusted the jacket of my chalk-striped double-breasted suit, by Norman Hilton, \$180; smoothed out a few bothersome wrinkles in my blue broadcloth shirt, by Exello, \$8; and straightened my paisley print silk tie, \$3.50. Then, placing my well-shined cordovan loafers, by Crosby Square (Fine shoemakers since 1867), on top of my walnut-grained desk, I sat back, still looking the boy straight in his bespectacled eyes and made one of my typically profound comments. "So you want to be popular, eh?" I said.

"Oh, yes sir!" the lad exclaimed, admiration in his voice.

With a deft, left-handed movement, I reached into the top drawer of my desk and took out a copy of Personality Quiz IA, especially programmed for young men of college age, and handed it to him. "Take this, fill it out, and bring it back to me for evaluation tomorrow," I instructed. "The test is self-explanatory, but should you have any questions concerning it, you will find the booklet enclosed with it most helpful." Awe overcame the lad's face, and like a faithful disciple, he immediately left my office to do as I had told him.

Apparently, however my directions on the test and in the booklet were not quite as self-explanatory as I had led myself to believe. The next afternoon, the boy (whose name was Sid, by the way) returned, his questionnaire only half complete and a look of complete befuddlement on his face. "I don't get it," said he.

I sighed audibly, knowing now that I would have to explain the whole business to him in great detail. I made a conscious effort to keep a slight edge of impatience out of my voice. "Now see here ...." I started, but stopped and changed my tone.

"Very well, then." I began again, "let's start at the beginning, shall we?"

Thus I began Sid's therapy by giving him the words of the famous essayist and researcher in the field, Arthur Terwilliger Smeed, which, by the way, have been the basis and foundation for all of my work. These words are as follows: "Popularity is simple. To attain it, one must always remember to blend into the current status group. To achieve this, he must affect their style of dress, speech, and manner; share all of their opinions and beliefs; and remember that whatever one does in the way of industry or has in the way of gifts (talent, etc.) must be compatible with the standards of that group. But most important of all, young people, *be yourself!*"

A ray of light shone around Sid's face, and I knew at that moment that he had received a revelation. "Gosh!" he exclaimed.

Arranging my scratch pad with the gold leaf letterhead and taking hold of my Paper Mate ball-point, I was ready to begin Sid's catharsis. I motioned for him to sit down in the chair before me.

"What Mr. Smeed has in effect said, Sid," I explained, "is that a person cannot be popular until he conforms completely to the customs, fashions, and mores of his respective peer group. Knowing your particular school and seeing you here, I am aware that you have not been doing this." He listened obediently.

"Now," I went on, "in order to 'fit in' properly one must surround himself with certain status symbols: a car, wardrobe, things of this nature. This is why money, in this age of affluence, is so important and thus why I have put it at the top of my test IA.

"So tell me, Sid, what is your financial situation?"

The boy fidgeted and squirmed in his chair. "Not very good," he finally told me sheepishly; then he went on with a long, involved story about

Continued on page 9

his father's working to put him through college and his working part time. Also, how between the two of them, they could barely meet expenses. Absolutely no extra cash for social *necessities* was my verdict. It saddened my heart.

"Often," I began trying to get on a brighter note, "the difficulty of lack of funds can be overcome, and popularity can be achieved in some other way. This is rare, I must warn you," I told Sid, not wanting him to build up too many false hopes. "but it has been done. First, however, we must eliminate any negative traits that you might have."

"I notice that you have no appreciable or obnoxious accent; therefore, we can score you high on that; say five points."

"Thank you, sir," the lad said humbly.

"Now tell me, Sid," I continued, "have you any special talents?"

He thought for a while and answered, "Well, sir. I carve totem poles and make bird houses from gourds."

I had to tell him that that was not what we were looking for. I then asked for him about eccentricities.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Never mind," I said. "If you don't know what they are, you probably don't have any of note. What is your race and religion?"

"Caucasian, Protestant, sir," he answered.

"A W.A.S.P., very good!" I thought to myself. Five points. Further questioning gave Sid three points for indecisiveness, none for alcoholic tol-

erance (He's never taken a drink! Amazing!), and none for liberalism, (His father had voted for Goldwater.)

Integrity, the boy had—a great deal of integrity as a matter of fact. He had once made Eagle Scout and was sincerely active in his church and youth group. These facts cost him many precious points.

Finally, no one, unless he has graduated from a top-ranking prep-school and is attending an Ivy-League College, ever scores highly in the category of "School." And, in as far as "mate" was concerned, Sid confided to me that he dated infrequently and, with a great deal of chargin, admitted that he never got a date with the same girl twice. Therefore, Sid's total score was eighteen (18), which put him in the "beyond help" category.

When he heard my verdict, Sid's chin fell to the tops of his white sweat-socks. A tear came to his eye. His lip trembled. My paternal soul was touched by the boy's plight, and I wished terribly that I could help him, but his hour was up.

Next on my appointment schedule I had a University junior, big man on campus and frequent patient of mine who wanted aid in preparing his campaign in the upcoming class elections. With a heavy heart, I walked Sid to the door and watched after him as he trudged hopelessly outside.

And still I feel a deep pang of regret come into my physician's heart as I look over my secretary's shoulder and watch her make out Sid's bill. I simply cannot tolerate failure.

## W. H. Cunningham's Popularity Quiz

Rate yourself from zero (0) to five (5) on each of the points of personality below. A perfect score is 55, passing is 40. If your score is between 40 and 32, you will need the help of the Cunningham Clinic desperately. If your score is below 32, you are either a member of the Hell's Angels, or are trying to be funny.

Notice: that all of the personality points have either a plus (+) or a minus (-) sign after them. Example: Money (+); Integrity (-). You are to rate yourself positively on the plus-marked points, negatively on those marked with a minus. (If this is not quite clear, discuss it with the counselor. He will be glad to answer any questions that you might have.)

Take your time, think the test through, and, above all, be honest with yourself and with us. We are here to help you, not hire you.

1. M (+) Money	_____	7. A (+) Alcoholic tolerance	_____
2. A (-) Accent	_____	8. L (+) Liberalism	_____
3. T (+) Talent	_____	9. I (-) Integrity	_____
4. E (-) Eccentricities	_____	10. S (+) School	_____
5. R (-) Race	_____	11. M (+) Mate	_____
6. I (+) Indecisive	_____		



The day that we had planned for so long dawned clear and warm. I knew our private little cove would be warm and sunny even this early in the day. The clock on my dresser said six o'clock. I eased myself from the bed and moved silently to the window. The sea gulls were already lazily soaring on gentle air currents, and their cries were the only sounds to be heard as I turned from the window and began to dress. I put on the bath-

## Seagulls

ing suit that he liked so much. It was really a bikini, and my father had made several terse comments on the subject. Over my suit I put on a beach shift, and slipped my feet into the sandals that had been through so many happy summers. I pulled a comb through my hair and then crept silently down the stairs.

The kitchen was empty and polished. Everything seemed to glow with happiness on this lovely day. The sun filtered through the curtains onto the linoleum floor.

I quickly downed a glass of orange juice and went in search of the old picnic hamper. Cold roast beef, fresh bread, pickles, cake, and soft drinks went into it. I went to the hall closet and got the old blanket that Mother had designated for beach use. I threw everything into the hamper and let myself out the back door.

There was no one on the street as I began my trek down to the cove. As I approached it from the cliffs above, I knew he was there because of the thin, spiral of smoke moving lazily upwards from the fire he had built. He heard me coming and ran up the rocky slope to help me with the baggage I was carrying. As he turned to lead the way down to the beach, he gave me one of his

special looks that said what a beautiful day this was going to be.

The sun was beginning its timeless crawl up the sky, and the sea gulls were emitting their sad squawks as we threw the blanket down on the sand and set the basket on a rock.

I took off the shift, and we flopped down on the blanket and soaked up the sun for what seemed a short while. I turned my head and studied the face that I had come to know and love. He was the only person I had ever loved or ever would love. He must have felt my eyes and thoughts upon him, for he turned and said, "I love you too."

With that he leaned over and kissed me in a way that told me again "I love you."

He jumped up and pulled me up with him.

"Let's go for a swim," he said, and we walked hand in hand toward the gentle waves lapping the shore. The gulls began to scream and circle high as we disturbed their hunting ground.

\*\*\*\*\*

"It's such a pity that it could happen to a girl so young," sobbed the old woman. "I was just walking along and found her lying here, washed up on the beach!"

"Quiet down now, ma'm. We only want to get a statement, and then you can go," soothed the harried policeman. "We have to get an identification so we can contact her parents."

"Oh, I know them very well," said the old woman. "They live up on the cliffs and down the street a ways. I've known them and their daughter for years. It's just that I can't believe it. She was to have married a young man this past June. He was such a fine young man. You know, he went to the college in the city. A good student, too. Studying to be a lawyer, I think. But he was drowned at this cove only about a year ago."

Wilbur

# THE VALLEY OF DECISION

Burt was unsure.

Was it his best bet to stay in his present concrete basement shelter? Or, should he get far away from this man-made Hell of ruined, deathly, stark-still buildings and file to someplace that perhaps . . .

There, that word again . . . *perhaps*. "Oh, God, is there no one left to tell me what to do?" Panic gripped Burt as he thought—as he realized the full import of what had happened.

He sat down and looked at his watch—half-past three. Slowly, he began to regroup his thoughts. He had been sent to the bottom floor of the old building on an errand when it had happened. Everything had suddenly come to a standstill. The bustle of city life faded quickly away as might an orchestra that had played one measure too much. An eerie, uncanny silence gripped the city.

Burt had been seized with a premonition of dread, and some unknown force had compelled him to dive for an abandoned safe in the basement. He had sat inside sweating for only a moment before the whole earth shuddered and swayed sickeningly. A white flash pierced the fractured edges of the safe door, as if the light were a torch cutting through the metal barrier.

Next Burt heard what intuition told him would come, a horrid reverberating roar that lasted only seconds, followed by a thousand rumbles. Worst of all were the human screams above the maddening din. Then silence . . .

The silence—that awful silence—caused drops of cold sweat to break out over him as he realized the situation before he finally reeled into a blackened world of fear.

Now, some three hours later, he sat trying to realize exactly what had happened. "God, what will I do?" he fearfully asked. Burt had read a lot about what to do in an emergency such as this, but he had never thought such a thing would actually happen, not where it would affect him anyway. It was as if he had just awakened from a bad dream to find that his dream coincided exactly with cold reality.

Burt then remembered a passage he had once read in the Bible which he had been unable to understand.

"How did the passage read? It was from my favorite book, Joel. Yes, that's it!"

*Multitudes—multitudes in the valley of decision for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon are darkened, and the stars withdraw their shining and the Lord roars from Zion and utters his voice from Jerusalem and the heavens and the earth shake. But the Lord is a refuge to his people, a stronghold to the people of Israel.*

"The Lord is my refuge . . . the country, the

hills are my refuge. Oh, I'd better get out of here," he thought. "How long did that science book say one of these areas was safe from radiation? Was it five, six...yes, six hours! The country will be safe, though. I can survive, live in the country!"

Still he hesitated and tried to think out what he was going to do. Definitely he would have to get out of the city, but how long would it take him to get beyond the danger zone?

Even while he was thinking, he jumped to the sound of a loud crash. Hurrying to the broken window, he watched in terror and amazement as the remains of an old department store across the street slowly collapsed. Then he noticed something else. There was not a moving thing in sight. A graveyard-silence reigned upon the whole ruined heap. Cars lay strewn at crazy angles. Here and there Burt spotted blackened bodies, where they had been burned alive.

"The Lord is my refuge...the country, the hills are my refuge," he thought.

"Oh, quick! It is four o'clock. I've got to get some supplies if I want to live outside the city."

Burt hastily put the horrible street scene out of his mind and began to gather some things to take with him. After collecting what he could find, he looked at his watch—four-thirty: about an hour and a half to go before he would have to get out of this place. He realized, however, that he had a long, tedious trip ahead, especially since he must carry all of his supplies. So he sat down to rest. After a few moments he stifled a yawn, and his mind wandered far away...

He awoke with a start and felt perspiration trickle down his forehead. Quickly he glanced at his watch—five after six. Six hours had passed since the holocaust. A cold dread gripped his body as he realized the time.

"I can still make it," he thought and attempted a lunge for the door only to find his legs would carry him half-way through the charred opening.

Burt lay across the threshold, shadow claiming the greater portion of his body. The sun broke through the dust and ashes, bathing his head and shoulders. He was wailing softly, "In the valley of decision almost, almost..."

*Gary Mullinax*

## *Morning Time*

*The Blackness is fading  
Changing into foggy grey.  
Suddenly, the happening of  
Morning.  
Causing some things  
To be forgotten:  
Some things to be  
Remembered.  
Morning time.*

*Children's kind, mischievous  
Laughter  
Blending with the  
Coolness of the air.  
To see, to feel that  
God created morning as  
A symbol of life  
Erases the reflection  
Of death in the mirror.*

*John H. Rogers*

## **On Money**

*It seems that in this world  
of grasping, gloating  
legal-tender madness,  
man has lost his need for man  
except to sate his lust  
for useless, useful things.*

*Entwined among these unseen bonds  
of modern merchants' greed,  
those who yearn for life  
unmarred by loathful money matters  
find no peace.*

*Aaron G. Clark*



## Dramatic Monologue

Eurydice, my heart's pure love and sweet desire,  
I yearn for thee within this vacant loveless tomb  
That is my life alone. No longer does my lyre,  
That penetrated once the dark and sombre gloom  
Of awesome Pluto's realm to sway the gruesome king  
Of Tartarus, the lyre that made the fearful Fates  
Shed tears to hear my sad and plaintive plea to bring  
Thee, once again with me, from out the dull, depressing dark  
Unto the meadows, graves, streams that were our home—  
No longer does my lyre with happy rhythms mark  
The haunts where we in blightless youth were wont to roam  
And pass the fulsome hours with love's ingenuous play.  
My love, thou wert far fairer than the fairest rose  
That blooms on earth, nor can the slight of these allay  
The grief I feel to think of our once sweet repose  
Upon their fragrant, blossomed beds. The sun of love  
Shone soft and gently warm upon thee, fragile bud,  
Until thou spread thy tender petals high above  
The common meadow flowers, blemished by the mud  
Of earth before their blooms had yet fulfilled their vow  
To charm the eye. So thou alone didst reach the height  
Of loveliness, and in thy love would oft' endow  
The meadows with thy pulchritude, would oft' delight  
To walk with thy companion nymphs along young streams  
Or weave bright flowers into chains so that their gay  
And fragrant blooms might lace thy hair with floral themes.  
As thou wert wandering thus one day in joyful play,  
The shepherd Arstaeus saw thee from afar,  
And seized by thy flesh comeliness with hot desire,  
Pursued thee, fleeing through the meadow, sought to mar

Thy trembling innocence and satisfy the fire  
That burned within his breast. Thus in thy frantic haste,  
Unmindful of thy step, thou trod upon a snake,  
An asp whose viperous fangs thy tender foot defaced  
With cruel marks. O hopeless step that let Death take  
Thy loved form from me! And still more hapless glance  
Of love that took thee when thou wert almost reclaimed  
From death's black greedy jaws! Why went my eyes askance?  
Alas! I only wished to see if thou, still lamed  
By the dark-venomed viper's fangs, wert still behind.  
I did not want to pain thy tender foot. So did  
The long-suppressed desire to see thee fill my mind  
That I forgot the vow to keep thee from me hid  
Till we had reached the upper realms. Is it a crime  
To love so much? If this be true, the lowest place  
In Hell is mine, such is my sin. So long a time  
It seemed to me had passed since I had seen thy face.  
That I was hungry for a glimpse of thee, sweet wife.  
And by that thoughtless glimpse I lost the chance to take  
Thee once again unto the realms of love and life  
With me O loved form. No longer can I make  
The trees and rocks shed tears of joy to hear my lyre,  
Nor can I fill the hearts of youth with happy tunes  
Of love. My heart is sad, and gone is the desire  
To fill the air with joyous melodies, festoons  
Of song. Beloved Eurydice, I did not mean  
To lose thee by my thoughtless glance, but filled with such  
Desire was I, I sent thee back to Death's demesne.  
Dear love, my only sin was that I loved too much.

Jent Davis

# Why Not An Old School Tie?

Imagine for a moment that you are in London. It is a typical, autumn English day--rainy and cold--thoroughly delightful! You are up in the West End, the Strand no less, or just across the street from the British Museum, or even Trafalgar Square. All about are those charming old buildings, grey with years of age, for which the capital of the Commonwealth is so proudly famous. Big Ben is chiming the noon hour in the distance.

Notice, if you will, the gentlemen standing under the awnings of their various clubs—all waiting for cabs. Observe how all of them are dressed, the well-tailored suits complete with matching waistcoats and matching overcoats (Seville Row for the most part), the bowlers. As you can see, the manner for signaling a cabman in this country, for the well-heeled aristocrat is to raise the *folded umbrella* (which is opened only in the case of national emergency).

"Hah!" you exclaim with typical Yankee impertinence. "They all look alike—every one of them. You can't tell one guy from another." You are, of course, wrong, but your mistake is a common one and results from your untrained eye. There is one mark of individuality which sets each man apart.

For instance—do you see that rather lanky chap under the green awning? He is Lord Michael Briggs. Do you see his blue and white striped tie? It is the official tie of Brimbleby-Sussex Univer-

sity. And the maroon and gold one on that rather stout gentleman is from Dartmore on the Shelley in Clive College? Do you see what I mean now. Man! Their Old-School ties! That's what tells others that they've arrived and from where. No gravy stains on those neckpieces. Old Boy, they're sacred!

Which brings us, I think to a rather interesting point about the American educational system. Perhaps because of the modern insanity of the "education for everyone" idea or maybe even because of the saddening decline of the great influence once exerted by the wealthy and, hence, more distinguished class, the "esprit de corps" felt by students of exclusive private schools in Britain has not caught on with such a fervor in the public institutions in the colonies. The closest one seems to be able to come to this is in the so-called Ivy League, or the fierce loyalty displayed by cadets in various military schools, (the Air Force Academy for example).

But alas, it would seem that your preoccupation with the "Middle Class" has tended rather to make any real distinction between people impossible, that is. Your Rockefellers, Fords, Carnegies, Vanderbilts, and so on, at one period of your history did appear to be, for a brief while, a form of financial nobility built upon dollars rather than blood. This, though, I suppose is better than no nobility at all.

What have you done now, however? True to form you have recently made every effort possible to discredit the contributions made by these families. Emphasis is now being placed on the sometimes sordid aspects of their rise to prominence instead of their obvious pomp and grandeur. This is regrettable! and you have, among others, Theodore Drieser and Upton Sinclair to thank for it!

Yet, the situation is not hopeless as I see it. For whether or not anyone in your country will admit it, there is a new system of social stratification forming in American society. Admittedly, it is fairly plebeian in its slow beginning, and once more it will eventually be based upon earning power as opposed to divine right. Why not, though? Times are changing!

Yes indeed! Within the predictable future, while there will no doubt always be the rather nebulous classifications of "Upper," "Middle," and "Lower," there will be inclusive in these a new and more dynamic social order, and it will be made up of groups which I call "Graduate," "Nongraduates," and "Dropouts."

By definition, the "Graduate" will be one who has completed a prescribed course of study after high school, be it liberal arts or technical, and has not only a diploma but a profession or high-paying job to show for it. "Non-graduates" will be your perpetual mediocrities who at once embarked upon a course of higher study but did not complete it and who have settled for some medium-paying job. The "Dropout" is hardly worth mentioning. He is the fellow who did not even complete his high school education and who shall forever after work at menial, semi or unskilled labor—your new lower class, if you please.

The wonder of this American system (and perhaps its greatest liability) is that one is not born into the "graduating" class. To receive the coveted diploma, virtually anyone with sufficient intellect and ambition must simply "Stick it out" for the allotted amount of time: four, six, or even eight to twelve years of arduous study!

This, as those who are already students will testify, is a great deal of work. When it is over, naturally there will be given a certificate to signify so to the world, but this usually gets framed and hung in some musty corner out of sight. Indeed, it is hardly practicable or practical to effect it as an item of dress. How then can the graduate, the new lord, prince—nobleman, as it were, impress upon his social inferiors that he is a man to

## *Death, The Bungler*

*But in one manner can men be called equal;  
With equivalence indisputable;  
For on all men death shall call;  
And none do him refute.  
To be alive is to be his victim,  
A mourning dove, or a raging bull;  
A roaring fire, or a candle dim;  
He admits you all and is never full.  
Death is not a half-way toiler,  
And never doth he compromise;  
But cuts complete and is no waster,  
Loves his work with greedy eyes.  
Comprehendest thou not for what it's worth?  
One thing to be said only. "Death's a birth."*

Dave Easterling

be admired and respected? What will be his badge of office? Herein lies my point—Why not an Old-School tie?

"Not necessary!" you say. "We already have our prestige symbols. Here...look" and you proceed to empty the various contents of a large cardboard box upon my desk (which, I might add, irritates me a great deal! I do not like to have my desk cluttered!) However, once I am able to sort out and identify the different elements of this debris which you've scattered about, I am able to see that perhaps you have a point. I think that a brief inventory is hence in order.

First off, I find a fantastic array of decals and stickers, all for the college man's car, which spell out the name of his school or present a colorful portrait of the institution's mascot. Since the car over here is the sign of great status to begin with, the combination of this and an official window decal poses quite a double threat. A fine beginning to say the least.

Furthermore, to give the student a sense of belonging and identity even while burning the midnight lamp over his texts, there are notebooks, folders, pencils, and ball point pens, all embla-

zoned with the school seal, name, etc. And finally, for the collegiate person, I found, amongst the jumble, sweatshirts, "t" shirts, sweaters, caps, swim trunks, and assorted athletic gear likewise stamped with the signs of institutional sponsorship marking the wearer as a member of the brotherhood.

Yet in all of these items of attire, that I insisted be taken off of my desk immediately, I found not one which could be worn on any formal or semi-formal occasion. After all, is a sweatshirt considered proper dress for attending a concert? Certainly not! Does one wear a "t" shirt to the cinema?

How then will the vassals know who you are? How will they estimate your importance. Will you take them by the hand and show them your windshield sticker? That would be crude! Do you intend to whip out your blue notebook with the gold emblem inscribed thereon and read to one of these churls some of your political science notes? Too much, brother!

And while we're on the subject—Where, my friend, is your hard-earned class ring or your coveted fraternity pin? The ring you gave to a girl in 1964 and have seen neither it nor her since. Correct? And your pin you lovingly presented to the young woman who is now your wife, and it presently resides somewhere in the depths of her cedar jewelry box. You'd better give it up for lost.

No, my fine fellow, the answer is the Old-school tie. They can be worn on almost any occasion; they are large enough to be seen clearly; and girls, for the most part, do not want them for cherished momentos. I'd start working up a distinctive color combination, solid with regimental stripes, for your college immediately. A word to the wise...but you've no doubt heard all that before. I shall, however be interested to see what you come up with.

## *Moon Song*

*Suppliant Summer knelt and spread  
A transient path where lovers tread  
Between the shimmering liquid foam  
and softly shifting dunes.  
It sang a song of love-lent days,  
A lilting song of star-strewn ways,  
Of lingering lunar melodies and  
slumbering sea-oat tunes.  
Beneath the milky-umber skies,  
By murmuring emerald lullabies  
We walked and felt the sterling kiss  
of centuries of silver moons.*

*Exultant Autumn gayly swayed  
And with each sway a pathway laid  
Of living gold and falling brown and  
rapid-reddening greens.  
We strolled beneath moasic skies,  
A canopy of butterflies  
Embroidered with cool, piquant  
black upon celestial screens.*

*Sophisticated Winter stood  
And gently slipped a hoary hood  
Of softly-sloping mellowed white  
upon her auburn head.  
In fitzy times of drifting snows  
She crooned the words of lowbrowceuse  
Beneath a sky where snow and stars  
with icy black were wed.  
We walked beneath translucent white.  
A lacy arch of crystal light--  
Above, the slender icy moon its  
iquid silver shed.*

*Seductive Spring demurely winked.  
Shook floral limbs of virgin tint,  
And flowed with rippling meadow-  
waves across the sun-capped hills.  
We fled through fields of pastel blaze,  
Of memory-happy blossom days,  
And heard a lane of lime-green throats  
pour forth their citrus trills.  
The ardent breeze sang serenades  
Of midnight trysts in emerald glades,  
While the amorous moon shd silkenly  
down glistening star-lapped nills.*

# NO ESCAPE

Mike searched desperately among the paraphernalia on his dresser. The pearl studs seemed to be evading him on purpose. He glanced at his watch—thirty-five minutes to go, and he faced a thirty-minute drive. He grew impatient, emptied boxes, and shuffled among the personal junk covering the top of the dresser.

Everything else was perfect—black shoes glistened with a high polish, tux was spotless, bib gleamed white, but where were those infernal studs. He picked up a box, stewed its contents over his bed and rifled through the jeweled objects. One of the tiny pearls glowed menacingly, almost grinned. There was one, then two. Finally he had all of them, and two matching cuff links, in his hand.

Mike was no Adonis, but his slim though sturdy physique, dark hair, and smouldering blue eyes, lent him a classic appearance.

Only minutes had passed. It seemed like hours. One cuff link slipped into its button hole, then the other...

As he peered into the mirror, unconsciously attending to the remainder of his grooming, his fevered mind whirled out of reality. Faces in a maddening kaleidoscope spun through his mental vision—painted faces, fat faces, laughing, screaming, maniacal, gaunt—but mostly fat-faces; swollen and perspiring dripping, tearing, FAT faces...

Abruptly Mike tore himself from the mirror. Tiny beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

He slipped gracefully into his coat. Turning, the young bachelor surveyed the plush bedroom where he had slept alone these past three years. With a shrug he hit the noiseless light switch on his way through the door. His heels made little swishing noises as he crossed the deep pile carpet in the sitting room.

Another silent switch by the entrance slipped the room into semidarkness. By the feeble light filtering through the heavy, drawn drapes, he glanced hurriedly over the furnishings for the last time, turned, and walked out the door. It closed behind him with a nervous click of finality.

At the elevator he punched the button and stepped back, waiting. The door swished open. An obese, bleary-eyed gnome of a man erupted from the softly lit cubicle, stopped and caught Mike's eye. The diminutive creature giggled, then chuckled. His rotund stomach bounced with the effort. He rolled back his shapeless little head and howled with obscene laughter. Pivoting on his foot, he waddled off down the carpeted corridor shaking and snorting with uncontrollable spasms.

Mike stepped quickly into the little square of light and stainless steel, and light punched the ground floor button. Almost soundlessly the ma-



chinery went into operation, and Mike felt an immediate sense of well-being as the polished doors came together.

With a gentle jolt of weightlessness, man and elevator started downward floating on a soft nothingness. He spun through space; time stood still yet hurried onward around him. Those faces—those disgustingly fat, leering faces—seemed far away. They were far away and unmenacing.

A second little jolt returned him to reality. The harsh light of the glass lobby destroyed his moment of well-being. An electrically operated door swung open, and Mike stepped into the suffocating July heat and hurriedly headed for his sparkling little convertible.

Almost ripping off the door handle in his haste, Mike slid under the wheel, slammed the door, and turned the ignition switch. Nothing. Time raced ahead. He glanced at his watch. Ten minutes since he last looked. Swearing softly, he jumped from the car and threw up the hood.

The orderly pile of steel and wires underneath appeared to make a grandiose point of ignoring him. He knew the trouble; it had happened before. But why now? Why on this particular day when time was important? "Oh well," he mumbled.

As he reached into the maze, a trickle of sweat oozed from his armpits and down his sides. In less than a minute, the trouble was rectified. Jumping back into the machine, he once more hit the ignition switch, and the powerful Lotus engine roared into action.

Stomping the accelerator, he roared into the street. The squeal of brakes from an oncoming Detroit monster went unnoticed. Twenty-four minutes to go, and that sprawling suburb lay ahead with its snail-paced traffic.

Every second counted now. His legs twitched nervously as he forced the little vehicle through the pressing traffic. Every car in the street delayed him on purpose. A stoplight—he jammed his foot on the break pedal.

A woman stepped from the curb, a platinum blonde. She was clad in skin-tight, white slacks and carried a white poodle nestled against her white blouse. Mike's eye caught her figure mincing into the streets. As he watched, the blazing sun made her whiteness a blinding glare.

A fat old woman, wearing a dirty, white shift was in front of the car. Her drooping jowls wiggled as she turned to stare at him. Stringy hair hung limply around her wrinkled face. Her flabby arms encircled a grubby little mongrel. The little animal bared its teeth and snarled. The apparition glared at him unblinking. Then she smiled. Her face turned into something sinister yet inviting. Her hand came up and her finger beckoned. She giggled obscenely, then cackled. Her mountainous figure wriggled sensuously as she continued to beckon.

A horn blast from behind shocked Mike to the changing light. His head spun in delirium. Only a minute? It seemed like hours. Speeding away

from the light, he saw a white figure disappearing into the crowd.

Through the suburbs and shopping centers he sped. Twenty minutes, fifteen... "Can I make it on time?" he moaned. Lumbering busses and trucks barred his progress. Every delay was a torch searing his tortured nerves. The pressure mounted. Running stop signs and careening around corners, he pressed on, stopping for nothing. People, houses, and cars were fleeting, flashing nightmares.

The vehicles turned into hurtling missiles off which he bounced. Shopping centers were filled with becurled housewives who turned and jeered with raised, overflowing shopping bags. The sidewalks were lined with chubby, nude brats who grappled at one another and thumbed their dirty little noses with pudgy fingers. Globs of human flesh with bulbous, blue-veined noses, glared at him from the hurtling missiles. Each one had a knowing sneer on his distorted face.

On to the freeway! Speed at last! Speed was important! The Lotus engine howled as he pressed the accelerator to the floorboard. White lines on the concrete shot past like darts from Hell, each one marking off the passing seconds.

There it was, the exit. Deceleration...slowing down was maddening! Speed was important...around the last bend...almost there.

A final obstacle caused his head to reel. Hundreds...no, thousands of gleaming vehicles barred his path. The roads, fields, every available inch of space was occupied. Each car was crammed with sweating, straining torsos. They gunned their engines and honked their horns. Bedlam. A blue-grey, smoke and dust haze hung over the entire frantic scene.

There was no way through, and only seconds to go. Throwing himself from the car, Mike started running climbing over the obstacles. He gasped for breath, panted, stumbled, fell. Pulling himself up, he staggered on. Only a little way to go. He broke into a clearing...almost there. He increased his pace to a desperate staggering run.

Ahead of him through the woods he could see the door was closing. Putting forth one last effort, he began to cry, "Wait! wait! wait!" with each breath. He stumbled, grasping for air. As he picked himself up with his last erg of energy, he saw it there hovering low over the ground, making no sound.

He started forward again, but the gleaming form moved upward. "Wait! Wait! Wait!" Mike cried. But with each utterance it moved higher. By the time Mike stumbled beneath the craft, it was above the tree tops. He reached upward, throwing his arms in a futile gesture still crying, "Wait!" It was no use. His arms fell to his sides as it silently disappeared into the sun.

He stood still staring after it mumbling, "Wait! Wait! . . ."

Mike was TOO LATE.

Aaron Clark



Lydia turned slightly in her seat and carefully crossed her legs, showing them to their best advantage for any chance glances from the other people in the room. She smoothed a wrinkle in her stockings and looked up at the Boy across the table.

"Funny," she thought. "I don't even remember his name."

The Boy was the only thing that he had ever

## THE BOY

been to Lydia. He was so unlike all her other male acquaintances and so lacking in those things which she had learned characterized them as men. There he sat, staring soulfully at her, as though she were something lent to him by the gods and these were their few precious moments together. This always made Lydia nervous; she could never bear to return his gaze for more than a few seconds.

She dropped her eyes and stared at her hands outspread on the table. Arranging them in a tasteful pose, she noted with satisfaction what a pretty picture they made against the dark table. She made a mental note to remember not to wear this color nail polish again at night...she would have to try that peach color of Hazel's.

She began checking each nail carefully for signs of cracks when the Boy interrupted her by taking one hand and laving her with more of his endearing words. That was another of his habits which Lydia could hardly bear. Why he should sit there for so long staring and cooing at her always puzzled Lydia. Someday she would find out just what he was after. She knew from experience that men were always after something; all the preliminary sweetness was merely a means to an end, and she was sure this Boy was no exception. Sooner or later he would show his hand, and then she would be able to understand him, to fit him into one of the niches of behavior and reaction patterns that she had learned from her previous contacts with men.

He had stopped talking. She could bear his low, droning love words, his inept attempts at vocal love-making; she could smile at him occasionally to let him know that she knew and understood, and yet remain completely apart. But his silent, staring adoration simply unnerved her. He was like



something one saw on the late movie. He was so pitiful and earnest that one knew it couldn't be a "happily ever after" story; somehow he would always end up on the "she loves me not" petal.

She knew by his silence that he was expecting something. She looked up at him, trying to give the pretense of understanding and encouragement, but the look on his face stopped her. It had the effect of an eraser that swept her face clean of pretended emotion. She could not bear to answer his look with what her face held. She straightened herself in her seat and prepared to look him directly in the eye. However, just as she was raising her eyes to meet his, she saw an excitingly dark man in the corner staring at her, and she realized with a mind-consuming annoyance that she had disarranged her legs when she straightened up to meet the Boy's gaze.

Ginny Davis

# Silence Is Golden

Silence fell upon the house and settled around me. The room grew still. Even the trees outside my window stood soundless, soaking in the morning sun. Nothing stirred. I strained to hear just one vibration. Even the bark of a dog would have been welcome, but there was no sound—anywhere.

The silence grew more dense as I lay there, finally becoming so heavy that I felt as if I could reach out, grasp it, and pull it to me. It filled my head and drummed against my ears until I felt they would burst.

“It’s strange how people change,” I thought. There was a time when, being ill, I would have wanted to be left alone to sleep. But that time had passed. I no longer wanted solitude. Oh, I didn’t want to be fussed over or pampered; I just wanted to know that someone was there. I had never realized before how alone ALONE could be, or how loud SILENCE could be.

And the silence grew more intense. How I prayed for sleep to come and still the pounding in my head and the stabbing pains that pierced my throat! The silence drove sleep away.

Louder and louder grew the silence until it became almost unbearable. The bed beneath me grew larger and larger as the surrounding walls extended farther and farther away. I tossed upon that monstrous bed as if I were all alone on a gigantic ship, pitching on the broad expanse of the ocean. My head reeled. Would the hours never pass?

After an eternity I heard the back door slam. Rushing feet coming through the kitchen and down the hall announced the return of my youngest son, Keith, from kindergarten.

What beauty and relief in that sound!

*Josephine M. Lockair*

# I Fear Not Death

*I fear not death when it shall come  
Or broken promises with no amend.  
I fear no challenge which is made  
Or vulgar snags that I must tend  
In the face of Death.*

*How Death must creep upon me some day  
I shall not know, nor shall care  
How it shall come to take me away  
To be with others who need not bear  
The face of Death.*

*If I could but run and escape  
The problem of being what I am;  
Just to be independent of my hate  
For the sorrow that I must slam  
Into the face of Death.*

*I am not scornful to those who lead,  
Yet I long for the chance to express  
Myself to others who will need  
To be happy, their hearts blessed  
From the face of Death.*

*Run while you can, my friend  
Enjoy it as time slips by  
For it will not take long to tend  
The problems which still lie  
In the face of Death.*

*Deidre Graham*

# One By One

*One by one we stand.  
One by one we fall.*

*Together we benefit  
By the profit of our mistake.*

*John H. Rogers*

# Younger Girl

This was the night for which Anne and Allen had been waiting two months, and it was beautiful. The summer heat was broken by a gentle breeze, the sky softly illuminated by twinkling stars. The two young people could not have asked for a more perfect night for Allen's last before he left for the Canal Zone.

"Allen, what do you want to do tonight?"  
"How far is it to the beach?"

"There's a small park on the beach down the street. Do you want to go there?"

"Yes, Anne. Let's walk."

Anne had been dreaming of being with Allen, but things were not as she expected. She was glad they were together after the two-month separation, but this would be the last time now for two years. What did you say to someone you cared for on an occasion like this—especially if you didn't know how the other felt? Allen was quiet—unusually quiet—but he would occasionally start to sing "Younger Girl." That was a strange song to sing. Was he thinking of Anne as the younger girl? They had always liked each other. He could be thinking of a girl he dated in North Carolina, but she was Anne's age.

Anne was enjoying the walk down the quiet streets of the peaceful little town. She wanted to tell Allen so much, but speaking would break the spell of the night. As the two young people reached the beach, Allen took her hand and started singing again. That song puzzled Anne. Why that song? Why the phrase: "but a younger girl keeps rolling across my mind"? Still, she did not break the silence.

The spell of the night was now even more captivating. The water was smooth, and the waves beat softly on the shore. The night was quiet and still. Anne was amazed at the beauty

of her town as she looked across the harbor. She could see the lighthouse beacon searching the still water in one direction. On the other side of the harbor was the city. It was brilliantly lighted and cast a glow over the water. Anne wondered how long they had been standing there, hand in hand, entranced by the beauty of the harbor and the sound of the softly beating waves. Allen began to sing again as they turned to go. They walked along in silence for awhile and then, at an ancient oak in the middle of the street, looked back at the water. The silence was broken by the sound of the waves and the wind softly blowing through the leaves. Finally the stillness was too much for Anne. She had to speak.

"Allen, do you remember when you moved to Hawaii?"

"Yes, I was in the third grade."

"Do you remember being at my house the night before you left? I cried when you left that night. I thought you were going to marry a girl from Hawaii and you would never come back to me."

"So you remember all the good times we've had together through the years?"

"Yes, I was glad to see you when you returned from Hawaii still single. Do you remember chasing bugs during Daddy's sermon when we were little?"

"No, but it must have been fun."

"I don't remember it either," said Anne. Then she realized that their conversation wasn't accomplishing anything and lapsed into silence.

"But a younger girl keeps rolling across my mind," Allen sang softly as they walked over to a park bench. Sitting down, he took her hand and began to talk, outlining his plans for the future. He was going to college, and he would probably join the army upon his graduation. He told her of Sandi in North Carolina. He liked her a lot, but he was not in love with her. Allen said that he would never forget his little Anne and how much he loved her. Anne listened quietly, for she could not find the words to express herself.

They gave one last, long look at the water and the brilliantly lighted city on the opposite shore. Hand in hand, they walked back to Anne's house in silence. Allen said goodbye to Anne's family and listened to the messages for his family. As he got in the car, he simply said, "Good-bye, Anne."

"Never any promises," thought Anne. For the fifth time in ten years, Allen left her wondering how much he cared about her and if they would ever be together again...

Phyllis Conner



